

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1851.

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TERMS:

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Office on the West side of the Public Square, next door but one above the Post Office.

THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1851.

NEW ORLEANS, June 14.

The Alabama has arrived here from Vera Cruz, with later and highly important intelligence from California. A destructive fire occurred at San Francisco, whereby nearly the whole of the city had been reduced to ashes. All the newspaper offices, except that of the Alta Californian, were destroyed. The loss is estimated at fully \$15,000,000. The Custom House, and all the principal edifices are in ruins. A great conflagration had also taken place at Stockton, and over a million of property had been destroyed.

PORTLAND, Me., June 12.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.—Mr. Freeman, of Gilead, shot his wife last evening, while she was sleeping in bed with an Irish girl—he then shot himself and afterward cut his throat. Mrs. Freeman still survives, but is not expected to recover.

MAJOR Wm. H. POLK is the independent democratic candidate for Congress in the Columbia (Tenn.) District. He is the brother of the late President, and holds to the opinions expressed by him while alive. In a speech on the 27th ult., he took high ground for the compromise and the Union; said that if he was in Congress he should be for standing square up to the compromise, and would rebuke any effort to alter it, either by the North or South, as he thought it probably the only course to sustain the Union.

STATE OF THE TREASURY.—According to the official statements, says the New York Express, the entire revenues for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1851, will exceed the estimates by five millions of dollars, and will reach (including the receipts at California for a part of the past and the whole of the present fiscal year) fifty millions of dollars! Of this sum, two millions will be credited to California, and \$48,000,000, at least, to the Atlantic ports; and of this \$48,000,000 New York will have received an enormous amount; the revenue collected here for only nine months of the year being \$24,875,012!

The receipts from the sales of the Public Lands will exceed the estimates by about 600,000, and reach, for the entire year, about \$2,500,000! And this notwithstanding the sales through Land Bounties, Land Script, &c., &c. The Land office, some days since, had returns of sales exceeding two millions of dollars, and many heavy returns were to come in.

MR. CALHOUN.—A SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.—In a recent speech before the citizens of Atala county, Miss., Senator Foote bore the following testimony to the views of Mr. Calhoun in relation to the formation of a Southern Confederacy:

He said that the idea of demanding amendments to the Constitution, and in case of failing to obtain them, resorting to secession, was first broached by Mr. Calhoun, after the Mississippi October Convention in 1849; that Calhoun told him that he, [Mr. C.] had no expectation of obtaining these amendments; but Mr. C. thought that if they should be refused, why then the South would unite in the formation of a Southern Confederacy, and that Mr. Calhoun had prepared a constitution for this new republic, which was to have been formed out of the fragments of our present Union.

A Western editor thus sums up the peculiarities of a contemporary: "He is too lazy to earn a meal, and too mean to enjoy one. He was never generous but once, and that was when he gave the itch to an apprentice boy. So much for his goodness of heart. Of his industry, he says, the public may be the better judge, when he states that the only day he was ever worked, was the day he mistook castor oil for honey. Complimentary that."

There are nine men under sentence of death in New York city.

NASHVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

NASHVILLE, June 17th, 1851.

FRIEND IVINS: Since I saw you I have made a tour through the Western District, and have not had the opportunity of writing. There is very little political excitement among the masses in the District; more interest is manifested by partisans with regard to the ascendancy in the Legislature, than is felt in the Governor's election. The parties generally are pretty well organized; in some counties, however, the aspirants are too numerous—have more zeal than discretion—and give their parties much trouble. I am sorry to say this is the case in two or three Whig districts, but I trust they will yet effect reconciliations.

The candidates for Governor, as you know, have already canvassed that portion of the State. Gen. Campbell has sustained himself well, given entire satisfaction to his party, and made quite a favorable impression upon the genuine Democracy.—Gov. Trousdale's position with regard to the compromise measures is evidently unpopular, and is destined to become more so until the day of the election. This ought to, and I confidently believe will, beat him. In every speech he denounced the compromise, as "a batch of laws unjust to the South," thus giving "aid and comfort" to the disunionists and disorganizers. The whole drift of his argument seems to have been aimed at it—to bring it into disrepute, and, if possible, to break it down. But in a few days the candidates will be among you in East Tennessee, when you will have an opportunity of hearing and judging for yourselves. My impression is, after mixing a good deal among the people where they have spoken, that Gen. Campbell will make a considerable gain over the vote of Neil S. Brown.

The crops throughout the District look very finely. The "oldest planter" has never seen cotton spring up so quick, and grow off so rigorously as it has this season.—There has been more Cotton planted this year than in any preceding one, and the prospect is more flattering for an abundant crop. Corn and Wheat look very well.—Tobacco also looks flourishing, and promises an abundant yield.

There is no local item of much interest here. The city was never more healthy than at present. We have had no signs of Cholera as yet and it is hoped it will not pay us another visit soon. The Railroad is now completed to within two miles of Murfreesboro', and will be completed to that place before the Fourth of July, on which day we anticipate "a general and grand spree." Nashville and Murfreesboro' do not now appear to be more than one quarter of a mile apart. There is a good deal of excitement and discussion with regard to an innovation in ladies' dress—"the Turkish costume," or "short frock and trousers"—that is being introduced in other cities, and which I believe will soon come in vogue here. No one has yet had the courage to act as pioneer in the new costume, but there is a decided feeling in favor of it. We are all on the look out—I hear that several dresses of the new style are preparing—and guess we will soon have quite a number of Turks among us.

ADIOS.

A SENSIBLE ARGUMENT.—The newspapers every where are disputing about the beauty and propriety of the new Turkish dress. For ourselves, we care but little how the ladies dress, so they are beautiful, amiable, and kind hearted towards their husbands and the rest of mankind. One of the short dress advocates however, has rather taken us by storm. He goes for the Turks upon the score of economy, and affirms, that under the new regime three yards of yard wide cloth will make a costume, whereas it takes over thirty-six yards by present measurement:

"Hence, it follows that one dress after the present fashion will make twelve dresses after the new style. If there be ten millions of women within the United States, there would thus be saved by the Turkish costume ninety millions of yards of good cloth, that might be sent to the heathen, and thus every woman in Africa and Asia, and on the Pacific Islands, to say nothing of the 'unborn babes' of the first mentioned region, as Amindab Sleek says, might be furnished with toggery from our mere surplusage."

AN OLD PRINTER.—A. W. Scowell, a printer, 80 years of age, (the oldest in the United States) commenced his apprenticeship of seven years in the King's Printing Office, London, in 1734, sixty-eight years ago. The Boston Mail says:

"He was a soldier under Sir John Moore, at Corinna, in Spain, in 1808, where he received a ball in his right arm. He was present at the burial of Sir John, and remembers the minutest particulars of the scene. He was also with the Duke of Wellington through his whole campaign, and lost an ankle bone by a grape shot in the battle of Waterloo. This veteran type, after all this hard service, is one of the swiftest and best compositors in Boston."

WEBSTER'S HEWN WORDS.

In the language and thoughts of the great Daniel, there is an emphasis and directness like the cleaving of a broad-axe. What could be less rhetorical, and more truthfully homely and forcible than these passages from his speech at Buffalo?—

"Gentlemen, I expect to be libelled and abused. Yes, libelled and abused. But I don't disturb me. I have not lost a night's sleep for a great many years. I have some talent for sleeping. (Laughter.) And why should we not expect to be libelled? Is not the Constitution of the United States libelled and abused? Don't some people call it the production of hell? Is not Washington libelled and abused? Are not our fathers libelled and abused by their own children? And ungrateful children they are—and I am afraid in some cases, their mothers played false. (Laughter.) How, then, shall I escape? I don't expect to escape."

"Well, gentlemen, suppose that on that occasion I had taken a different course from what I did. If I may allude to anything so insignificant as myself, suppose that on the seventh of March, instead of making a speech that would reconcile the country, I had joined in the general clamor of the party—suppose I had said I will have nothing to do with any accommodation—we will admit no satisfaction—we will let Texas invade New Mexico—we will leave New Mexico and Utah to take care of themselves, and we will plant ourselves on the Wilcox Proviso, and let the devil take the hindmost. Now gentlemen, I don't mean to say that great consequences would follow from that—but suppose I had taken such a course. How could I be blamed for it? Was I not a Massachusetts man? Did I not know Massachusetts sentiments and prejudices? But what of this? I am an American! (Great applause.) I WAS MADE A WHOLE MAN BY GOD AND I DON'T MEAN TO MAKE MYSELF HALF A ONE! (Tremendous outbursts of applause.) I felt I had a duty to perform to my country—in my own reputation; for I flattered myself that a service of forty years has given me some character. I thought it was my duty, and I did not care what was to give way. I felt it to be my duty to come out—to go for my country, and my whole country, and to exert any power I had to keep that country together. (Great applause.) I cared for nothing, I was afraid of nothing; but meant to do my duty. Duty performed makes a man happy—duty neglected makes a man unhappy, as well as those around him; and therefore, gentlemen, in the face of all circumstances and danger, I was ready to go forward and do that which I thought my country—your country—demanded of me, and, gentlemen, allow me to say here, to day, that if the fate of John Rogers had been preserved to me—if I had seen the stake—if I had heard the thorns crackling—by the blessing of Almighty God, I would have gone on and discharged the duty which I thought my country called on me to perform. I would have become a martyr to save my country."

"And now, gentlemen, farewell! Live and be happy; live like patriots, live like Americans, live in the enjoyment of the inestimable blessings which your fathers prepared for you, and if anything that I may do hereafter should be inconsistent in the slightest degree with the opinions and principles which I have addressed to you—then discard me forever from your recollection."

In his speech in the Virginia Convention the other day, Mr. Boats related this anecdote of General Jackson: "When the investigation into General Jackson's conduct in the Seminole war was going on, he asked Mr. John Q. Adams, then his firm defender, how the matter stood? Mr. Adams said they would manage the case very well, but the authorities were very strong against the General. 'What authorities?' asked the Old Hero. 'Puffendorff, and Grotius, and Vattel,' replied Mr. Adams. 'Tell Mr. Puffendorff, and Mr. Grotius, and Mr. Vattel,' exclaimed the General, 'that by the Eternal, if they say anything against me about this Seminole war, I will cut their d—d ears off!'"

A MODEL DUN.—They have some originals in California. The Stockton Times says that the following dunning letter was sent by a San Francisco lawyer to a Stockton gentleman, and the editor recommends it as a model in its way. It is certainly rich.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 7, 1851.
My Dear Sir—Send if you please, without delay, \$700, the balance of our fee for professional labors in your service, at Stockton, in December last. You were kind enough to mention the 1st day of February past as the day on which you would settle. If you can't send \$700, send \$600; then \$500; or if not that, \$400, or \$300, or \$200, or \$100, or \$50, or \$25, or \$10 or \$5. I haven't a dollar to pay my board, to buy a hat, a pair of boots, or to have my ragged coat mended, and scarcely a quarter to take a drink with. Nobody will lend me, or pay me, or trust me, and it is too cold to sleep out of nights. As to paying my debts! I might as well try to drink all Stockton drunk and keep sober myself!

To speak seriously, I am d—d hard up, and now is your time, if you want to do me a service.

A very modest old maid visiting a newly married friend recently, saw one of her husband's shirts lying on the bed, and exclaimed:

"Oh mercy, a man's shirt on your bed! such a thing on my bed would give me the night-mare!"

"Very likely," responded the wife, "unless the man was inside of it." The modest maiden fainted outright.

SECURE THE HARNESS.

We find floating in the papers a good anecdote. It is that of a hero, who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunders, but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down on him, the flaw was mended, and sleep was fastened, the steed stood firm, and like a swooping falcon, he dashed from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner. The timely daisy sent him in safety to his huzzing comrades.

The American version of the wisdom embraced in the above is, "Be sure you are right then go ahead!" It is attributed to David Crockett, and may, or may not have been the original utterance of that eccentric; though, like many other utterances of wise men, he did not always follow his own counsel. We care not how fast the man, drives us, who walks carefully round the carriage and looks at the axle and linchpin, and then casts a knowing look of scrutiny at shoes, traces, and harness in general, before he takes the lines in his hand. He is as near sure as he can be, and may "go ahead."

The most experienced sportsman and rapid shooter, spend more time than any others in preparation of their arms. So do good sailors constantly examine the various and great extent of apparatus upon which their speed and safety depend. So good mechanics, in every body, indeed, who succeeds in life, must let the delay be in preparation, the promptness in action. We mean to say that true expedition is not so much in promptness to begin, as in prompt performance when you have commenced. The orator who comes into pulpit, court, or senate, full of this subject, and fully understanding it, moves with confidence and proceeds with safety. Fools rush in; wise men enter into a matter with prudent forecast, and are successfully put again, before their opposits have recovered from the shock, and flounder of their sudden plunge.

POVERTY A CURSE.—Some sensible man writes as follows:

"The injustice of the world is never displayed more, than in the fact, that men generally deny to sincerity, what they constantly award to deceit. If one is poor, and acknowledges it frankly, no one will credit him, though he may be industrious, honest and capable; but if one is poor, and hides it by a well arranged system of policy, though he may have none of these estimable qualities, he is trusted every where. Profession is thus worth more to the artful, and insincere than property; and frankness, so far as men's success is concerned, is about the worst quality a man can possess."

"There are, for the credit of human nature, some few men who do not follow this rule, but lend a helping hand to the unfortunate. But, oh! they are the Howards of life—only appearing once in an age. When they so act, nobly knows it their good deeds die with them—their charities are not lost, but their names and examples die."

The care of Providence in contriving a supply for the thirst of man in sultry places, is worthy of admiration. Nature has placed amidst the burning sands of Africa a plant, whose leaf, twisted around a cruel, is always filled with a liquid full of fresh water, the gullet of thirst is shut by the extremity of the leaf itself, and to prevent the water from evaporating, the same plant on some parched spot, grows a green bough, the trunk of which is hollow, and bulks, is naturally hollow, and cistern. In the rainy season it is full of water, which continues to cool in the greatest heat by its being so tufted foliage which crowns it. Finally, she has placed vegetable life on the parched rocks of the Atlas. There is commonly found on them a plant, called the water-lilane, so full of water that if you cut a single branch of it, and water is immediately discharged as you can drink at a draught: it is perfectly good and limpid.

St. Pierre.

Make the Homestead a holy, hallowed thing, a castle of refuge from the storms of the world, where the burdened and oppressed may gather about him his household, and prepare himself, when the storms sweep by, for renewed energies upon the sea of life.

In the Circuit Court in the city of New York, a verdict was rendered on the 5th inst. for one thousand dollars against Miles Smith, in favor of Mary Koff, in a suit for breach of promise. Both parties were black.

May a man marry his wife's sister? is a question which can only be properly answered by the sister herself, when the widower pops the question.

That eccentric personage, "Dow, Jr.," disconcerts thus to the ladies. There is some poetry, but a great deal of truth, in his remarks. The clerical gentleman has a most wonderful command of the vernacular, and invariably calls things by their right names. He isn't a very nice man, in the modern acceptation of the term, for when he has any occasion to speak of them, he says "legs"—the nice man would say "pedal extremities," or "lower limbs. We prefer the former:

"Young ladies!—you enged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks—you get of the parlor, vegetating in the unhealthy shade, with a greenish—white complexion, like that of a potatoe sprout in a dark cellar—why don't you go out in the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps, and vigor to your frames! Take early morning exercises—let loose your corset strings, and run up hill for a weger and down again for fun. Room in the fields, climb the fences, lean the ditches, wade the brook, and go home with a good appetite. Liberty, thus exercised and enjoyed, will render you healthy, hearty, blooming and beautiful—as lovely as the Graces, and as prolific as Demeter. The bloomy, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bounding lass—who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk the cows, and be a lady without in "company"—is just the sort of a girl for me, or for any young man to marry, but you, ye pining, mooping, lolling screw-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, puffy-faced, consumption-moragized, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness—you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls you want more liberty and less fashionable restraint—more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa—more frankness and less modesty—more covered head and less corsets—more breakfast and less bishop. Loosen yourselves a little, enjoy more liberty and less restraint by fashion. Breathe the pure air of freedom, and become something nearly as lovely and beautiful as the God of Nature designed. So mote it be."

TATTILING.—It is very common for persons to tell every thing they hear, whether they have any grounds for the belief of what they hear or not. To the injury of an individual, something may be said and spread abroad, where there is not the least shadow of truth in the story. It is against this species of tattling which we should particularly guard ourselves. The wise man knew how prone the world was to this sin, when he said—"He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life." Truly that man who is careful of what he says—especially when he knows it is in his power to injure the character of a person, or thwart any of his purposes—acts up to the proverb, and gains the esteem and friendship of his fellows. Although by not being sufficiently on your guard you may excite a degree of interest at the expense of a neighbor, depend upon it, it is only for a moment. You but heap up coals of fire on your own heads. None will trust you with their secrets, and you will be pointed at as one deserving of their censure. Beware how you use your tongue; it is a good rule which somebody has given to us, to think twice before we speak once. Act up to this, and none will complain of you in this respect—and you will gain the confidence of mankind, which is more to be desired than all the secrets of a community.

STILL A CANDIDATE.—A gentleman came into our office the other day, who says he is 92 years old past. He was married at the age of 21 and lived with his wife 30 years—she had 10 children and died.

He then remained single 18 months, and married again. By his last wife he had 11 children, lived with her 32 years, she has been dead 8 years, and he is still a candidate for matrimony. Every one of his children lived to the years of maturity, and 19 are still alive.

He can see to shoot a rifle nearly as well as ever—can thread a needle without spectacles—hearing but very little impaired and nervous system perfectly steady. He says he can cut and split 150 rails a day and jump up and hit his heels together twice before striking the ground at night. He has fifty nine grand children and 22 great grand children, which makes 101 in family.

In appearance he does not look to be over 60, and is as straight as an arrow—and says that except the rheumatism he feels nearly as young as ever! Hogen where are you! beat Marshall if you can.—[Lewisburg (Ten.) Telegraph.]

The man who stops his wife's tears by d—ing her eyes, and the chap who eats his little boy's supper every night, and then gives him paragonic to take away his appetite, were on a spree together the other day, spending some money their wives had earned by washing.

"James my son, take this letter to the post-office, and pay the postage on it."

The boy returned highly elated, and said: "Father, I send a lot of men putting letters in a little place, and when no one was looking I slipped yours in for nothing."

MARRIAGE MADE EASY.—The New York correspondent of the Cleveland Plaindealer communicates the following interesting intelligence to the ladies:

There is quite a stir, especially among the ladies of this city, in relation to the pretensions of a Professor B. Talleyrand, who is fresh from Paris, and pretends to have discovered a method by which an ardent attachment can be inspired by any person of either sex, whose affections are worth the winning. It is rumored that several hitherto unapproachable old bachelors have been brought smack upon their knees by spinsters with whom they flirted in youth; said spinsters having availed themselves of Professor Talleyrand's potential secret. If report be true, the Frenchman's discovery will save a great deal of trouble. Suppose, for example, that some bashful swain in Cleveland has a girl in his eye that he would like to marry, whom, in fact, he has determined to marry as soon as he can pluck up the courage to go through the formalities—which courage he cannot pluck up. All he would have to do would be to send a letter, enclosing one dollar, not forgetting to pay the postage, to Professor Talleyrand, New York city, and he would receive by return of mail something or other that would enable him to "go in and win" without further trouble. This is a great country, and on the southwest is illimitable.

IMPORTANT ARREST.—Benj. F. Brown, a few years since a respectable and reputable officer in one of the public departments of the United States government, and afterwards a candidate before the House of Representatives for the office of doorkeeper, has been arrested and brought to this city, where he is now in jail, in default, we believe of \$20,000 bail, charged with a fraud committed upon the General Land Office by means of forgery.—[Washington Telegraph.]

CINCINNATI, June 9.

The cholera is on the increase throughout the West, and is very fatal. Among the victims at Paducah, Kentucky, is Dr. Newton Lane, the Democratic candidate for Congress at the last election, from Louisville District.

Although it takes a long while to learn to speak, it takes a still longer period to keep silent. The number of men who can hold an argument compared with those who can "hold their jaw," is as hundreds to dozens.

A young preacher who had just started in his travels as an itinerant, was one evening holding forth on the Deluge, and after describing the manner in which Noah built the Ark, and filled it with animals of every kind, by pairs, closed in a solemn tone thus:—"You must know, my dear hearers, that it was an arduous task for Noah and his sons, to get a pair of whales into the Ark."

A down east editor advises his readers, if they wish to get teeth inserted, to go and steal fruit where a watch-dog is on his guard.

THE BRUTE!—An editor out west, announces the birth of his ninth child, under the head of "Distressing Casualty."

The "Day Book" is guilty of the following arithmetic piece of wickedness:

If twenty seven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed on rutabaga turnips? Multiply the flakes of snow by the hairs of the cow's tail, then divide the product by a turnip, add a piece of chalk and the sum will be the answer.

RATHER EQUIVOCAL.—Dobbs says the ladies of Mexico are the most virtuous in the world until they are tempted—while the men would soon be numbered among the most honest, if the travelers would only cease to carry money about their persons.

VERY HEALTHY.—The Sacramento Transcript says that city is so healthy, that the professional gentlemen have to work hard to keep a patient down long enough to make three visits! This is the case in almost every part of California.

Are step-mothers so named because of their propensity to trample on the rights of the "others' children, or because, when they assume the charge of another woman's children they generally "put their foot in it?"

When has a man a right to scold his wife about his coffee? When has sufficient grounds.

COOL.—The following orders were given by the captain of a Western steamboat, when she was about to engage in a race with another boat:

Rosin up that, and tell the engineer to shut down the safety valves. Give her goss. Gentlemen who haven't stepped up to the captain's office and settled, will please retire to the ladies cabin till we pass that boat or bust. Fire up!

A SENTIMENTAL ROBBER.—A fellow entered the house of Mr. Fitch, in St. Louis, recently, and rifled the bureau of their contents. He was not satisfied with his theft, but seeing a young lady asleep he stole a kiss, which aroused the sleeper, who seized the thieving rascal by the coat, raised an alarm, and the fellow was caught and safely lodged in prison, where he will have time to reflect upon the danger of indulging in sentiment when business is attended to.